porch. Mrs. McFall's cheerful telephone messages, meant to deter her husband from risking his life to reach her side, had been sent in the face of the fact that the upper stories of her house were riddled with bullets and battered by exploding shells aimed at the group of federals who had seized it as a fighting position.

Mrs. McFall took refuge in the basement. There she remained with her children, coming upstairs during lulls in the fighting to prepare scanty meals and answer cheerfully her husband's eager inquiries over the telephone.

Many newspaper correspondents owe the fact they were able to send out news of the battle to the bravery and daring of Victoria Hastings, an English girl.

Speaking six languages fluently, she was fitted to get the news from the foreign quarters, through which she circulated, chatting with Mexicans, French, Italians, Germans and half-breed Indians. Alert and resourceful, she penetrated the most dangerous sections of the shell-swept district.

She passed through the lines when the battle was raging its fiercest, seeking news where no man would go. Diplomats and pilados, deputies, beggars, generals and privates, were all the same to her. She gathered her news and ran risks enough to make a novel of adventure. And throughout it all she called it "jolly good sport."

There were countless instances of feminine heroism of the kind that is not spectacular, but the homely, solid sort, shown by the women who cared for the wounded, who visited the homes of the poor to aid and cheer. These women, the majority of them Americans, were as brave as any soldiers who fought in this bloody battle.

Newspapermen and officials alone realized how grave was the danger of a massacre. Jingo politicians spread the report that the U. S. had started troops against Mexico, and the half-crazed populace stirred with hatred against the "gringoes."

One old Mexican senator drove about in a carriage harranguing the people, telling them American troops had actually been landed at Vera Cruz. An American correspondent throttled the senator, and told him intervention would come only if Americans were attacked, and that the senator by his orations was inciting such an act. He advised the senator to go home and keep his mouth shut. The senator followed the advice.

This was typical of the manner in which Americans tried to minimize the danger of intervention when talking to Mexicans. The Americans assumed a coolness they did not feel, and assured the natives talk of intervention was nonsense.

The calmness and courage in these last troublous days by the Americans has changed the anti-gringo feeling. They have won the regard and admiration of the entire native populatio:.. When